

Hope Star

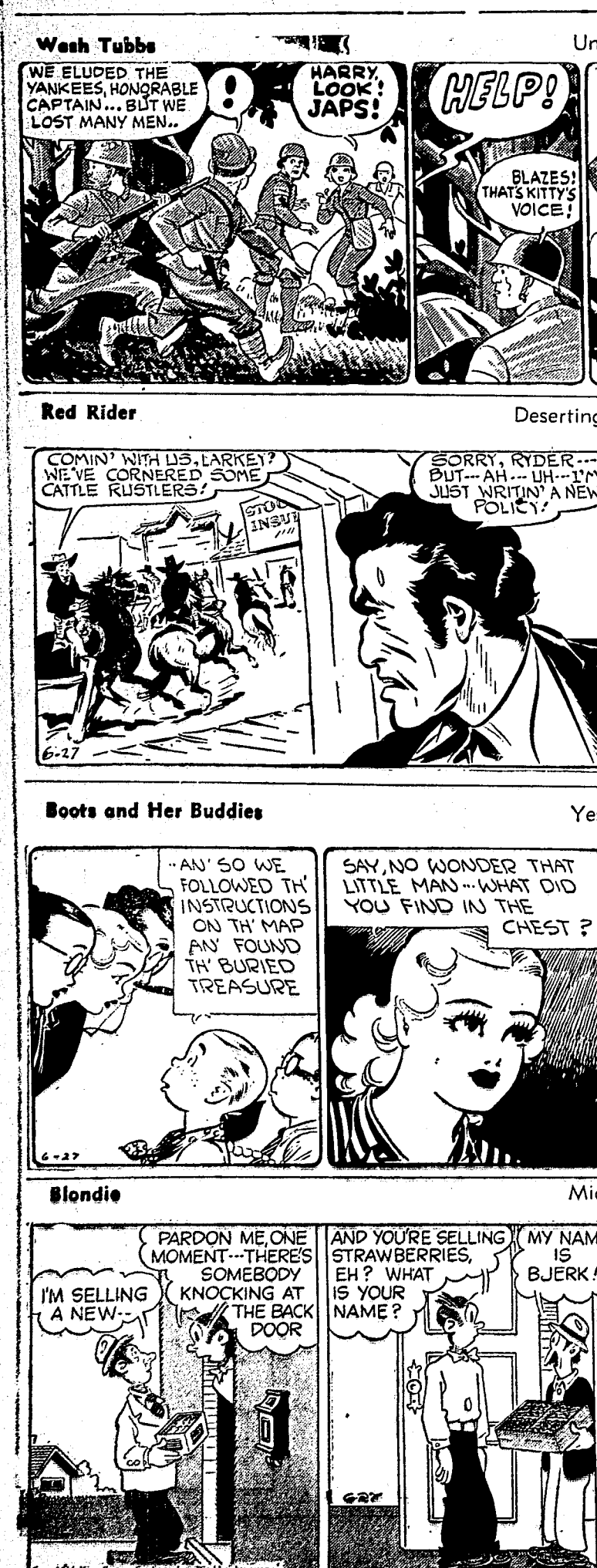
Star of Hope, 1899; Press 1927.
Consolidated January 15, 1928.
Published every week-day afternoon by
Star Publishing Co., Inc.
(C. E. Palmer and Alex. H. Washburn)
at the Star Building, 212-214 South Walnut Street, Hope, Ark.
C. E. PALMER, President
ALEX. H. WASHBURN, Editor and Publisher
Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Hope, Arkansas,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.
(NEA)—Means Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.
Subscription Rate (Always Payable in Advance): By city carrier
per week 15c; Hempstead, Nevada, Howard, Miller and Lafayette
counties, \$3.50 per year; elsewhere \$6.50.
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SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



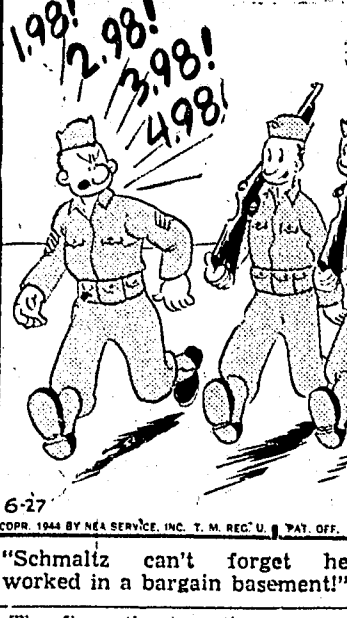
Wash Tubbs
HARRY LOOK! JAPS!
HELP!
BLAZES! THAT KITTY'S VOICE!
Red Rider
Deserting His Gang
Boots and Her Buddies
Blondie
Middleman!



Every Day in Hope Star

• 14 Cent
• Two Serial Stories
• 20,000-Word Wire Report

Hold Everything!



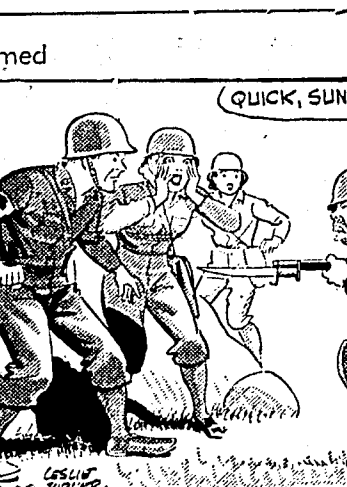
"Schmalitz can't forget he worked in a bargain basement!"
The finer the tree the more the piglet the twig.

FUNNY BUSINESS By Hershberger



"Junior's studying music so he can become a mechanical genius!"

OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams



"Joe's joint"

Donald Duck The Candyless Kids! By Walt Disney



"Donald Duck"

Popoys "His Superior Officer" Thimble Theater



"Popoys"

Alley Oop Through Train By V. T. Homli



"Alley Oop"

Tarawa

Based on the new best seller—on eyewitness account of the U. S. Marines' greatest battle



Jap machine guns really opened up, concentrating their fire on us.

No sooner had we hit the water than the Jap machine guns really opened up on us. There must have been five or six of these machine guns concentrating their fire on us—there was no nearer target in the water at the time—which meant several hundred bullets per man. I don't believe there was one of the fifteen who wouldn't have sold his chances for an additional twenty-five dollars added to his life-insurance policy.

It was painfully slow wading in such deep water. And we had seven hundred yards to walk slowly into that machine-gun fire, looting into larger targets as we rose into higher ground. I was scored, as never before.

I do not know when it was that I realized I wasn't frightened any longer. I suppose it was when I looked around and saw the amphibious landing tank for more.

The finer the tree the more the piglet the twig.

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BY ROBERT SHERROD ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILKINS

Released in New York by the British Information Service and distributed by the Associated Press

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I watched these five men and wondered how they managed to come so close to death, yet live. Once I thought the last Marine, a short man, would not get under the pier. Twenty yards away, he fell and went under, carrying his heavy roll of telephone wire.

When he went under, I asked myself whether I had the breath or the courage to go after him...

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